

# Bullets in the Fire

## Rusted Root

When I was young, I threw bullets in the fire  
Believe me when I tell this truth  
But now those days are gone, lights have passed me by  
I can't disguise the way I feel, I feel, I feel, feel, feelIn the tomb, I held my bloom  
In this tomb, I hold my bloom  
Into this open flame but now those days are gone  
I've learned to change my name, into this open flame'Cause there's bullets in the fire  
I believe I lost my head  
Will you ever know what was sent down  
Before those things went crazyIs everything I ever thought it would be  
As the puppets in my head have turned into hoods  
Well please bring the rain, bring the rain, rain  
Hold me, touch me baby, as I thank you, you'Cause now those days are gone, lights have passed me by  
My days were long taking shelter from the sky, sky  
And there's a pulpit in my head that's turned  
Into a garden waiting for her lonely cry, cry'Cause there's bullets in the fire  
I believe I lost my head  
Will you ever know what was sent down  
Before those things wentAnd here's my Gods, long before my head had turned  
To the blue sky speaking words  
Reasons why all my time was spent making wine to bait the drunk  
I'd have to find now, now, nowWake up, your memory's choking  
Wake up, your hand's have forgotten you  
Wake up, your wings have been tied too long, too long yeah  
Wake up, it's time to go, well it's time to go

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